

## LOTS OF PEACE AND MUCH JOY

According to Washington advices, Japan is not going to lick us. "The acute stage" has been passed. Japan is "pleased with the statement that the U. S. has great interest in her welfare."

It comes mainly from our having a college man for president. When Hiram Johnson gave notice that he would sign that so-called anti-Jap law, Woodrow Wilson, took his good old college pen in hand and wrote Japan a "note."

Woodrow isn't letting us see that "note," but has left it to Japan for publication. However, we have an inkling as to its contents. He pointed out that California is only part of our nation, and then he put about 1,000 words into expressing the love and admiration of the vast majority of our people for Japan and her progress toward the exceedingly high state of civilization which we enjoy. The achievements of Japan are respected and the American people are really anxious to show that they regard Japan on a basis of equality with all other nations and powers. Altogether that note is a smearing on of free-flowing syrup that will be a marker in the history of diplomacy. It is a regular "Sugar-is-sweet-and-so-are-you valentine, with a link of pink roses and a flock of happy little cupids as a border. Publish it? Why, it is one of the things that proud and conceited Japan will paste on her outer walls. Every enraged hair on the Jap back will lie flat and greased like, for, like a literary god, our president has smoothed down the fretful fur of the Nipponese polecat, with words that cheer and comparisons that inebriate.

Oh! we don't have to see that "note." It is the first diplomatic effort of a gentleman and scholar to whom the choicest combinations of the English language are but as willing slaves. We know that it is saccharine to the artistic taste and redolent of the perfumes of Araby, and that it will do the business.

## MY DOG'S GONE

"What d'ye mean you lost your dog?" That's what they ask in a flippant way—but it means that my heart is like a log and I mope and worry the whole long day; it means that my eyes are sort of dim and my life, somehow, has jumped a cog. He was only a mutt—but I'm fond of him. THAT'S "what I mean I lost my dog."

He was always hanging about the place, ready to follow me where I went, with a look of love in his funny face, and his brown ears cocked in a way intent, it was second nature to have him near, to have him close at my heels to jog, and without him the world seems lone—and queer. THAT'S what I mean I lost my dog.

So if you have seen my homely pet I wish you would tell me where he

may be, for I pine and murmur and chafe and fret for my silent comrade to come to me; a dog just cuddles down in your heart, and you wander about in a dreary fog when he's lost or gone—and the tear drops start. THAT'S what I mean I lost my dog!

## WHY HE SMILED



"I'm on my feet again," he said, "And feeling quite immense." "Trade picking up?" "No, but my car ran into a stone fence."